

the same principles that govern the well-co-

The Musical Mirror.

Falka, revived at Wallack's on Monday, is an opera of character. There are no less than five main parts, all strongly marked and individual, namely, Von Falkbach, Boleslas, Tancréd, Arthur and Lay Brother Pelican; and among the women, Falka and Edwige. All these parts are well acted by the members of the McCaull company, and, for the most part, well sung. Bertha Ricci as Falka shows more talent as an actress than she has made apparent in other of her impersonations in this city. It is a bright, clever performance, and her round, clear voice tells admirably, especially in the very difficult bit in the second act, when she tries to give the catchword to Boleslas. Alice Gaillard is good as Edwige. She acts very well. De Wolf Hopper is at his best as Falkbach, and keeps the audience on a broad grin all the time. This artist combines the qualities, seldom found together, of vocalist and comedian, and he is eminent in both, his grand bass voice telling mightily. Hubert Wilke is a good baritone singer, with an exceptionally fine tone; especially his high D, which is voluminous. He is also a capital actor, and plays Boleslas, the gypsy, for all the part is worth, looking very striking and romantic into the bargain. George Boniface, Jr., as Tancréd, is immensely funny; from first to last he makes a character study of the part and carries out his design unflinchingly. The same remark applies to Harry Macdonough's Arthur, which is a marvel of limbo-clerical cleverly acted. Alfred Klein's Lay Brother Pelican is, probably, the funniest bit at present to be seen—in make-up, voice, manner, and in his quaint conception of the author's idea, he is invaluable. The Seneschal, also, by H. A. Cripps, is a study of senility well painted. The chorus is good. The band, under the very capable direction of A. De Novellis, is excellent, wanting, however, a second double bass to give a foundation to the harmony. The work of Falka has been cruelly mangled by this kind of literary frauds; Henry Farnie, who has given us more bad translations of foreign operas than any other man in the trade. Originally a piano-tuner, he was taken up by the late Alexander Henderson and gained some success as an adapter of burlesques for Lydia Thompson and the Strand Theatre. Afterward, when Henderson branched off into opera bouffe, he used Farnie as his librettist, and Farnie, by sufficiently vulgarizing and emasculating his originals, "caught on." But with Henderson's demise came Farnie's decline, and from being the autocrat of comic opera he is now a nonentity, with "none so poor to do him reverence." However, the actors have come to the rescue, and they manage to make the threadbare dialogue go. The music, by Chaboud, is very conventional—bright and lively enough, but without a salient feature worth mentioning. As to usual of late, the performance is much too good for the material, the gold brocade upon common calico.

At the Casino Ermitage is in as high favor as ever. We have so often expressed our very favorable opinion of this admirable performance—so often informed our readers of the self-evident fact that Wilson is Wilson and Deboli Deboli—then which praise cannot further go—that we are like a topical singer after his tenth encore—we are at the end of our tether. Nevertheless we cannot too frequently remark the admirable manner in which the stage and orchestra are handled under the rule of Jean Williams, and the extreme liberality of the management. The Roof Garden concert, under the direction of Rudolph Aronson, and given by his excellent band of musicians, are potent factors in the success of the Casino, even in the hottest weather.

Koster and Bial have no reason to grumble at the business done in their pleasant place of amusement. The band is good; so are the artists, operatic and specialist. The pieces produced are well done and the creature comforts are unsurpassed. Nowhere can a pleasant evening be spent than at Koster and Bial's.

The Regent is a very nice hall, with a good band under the capable direction of H. Hindley, who is a capital violinist and evidently a first-rate leader. The attendance is thoroughly respectable; the music is entirely orchestral, no vocalists having put in an appearance so far. The band is well chosen and effective and the music likewise.

The preparations for the production of Hoyt and Salomon's new comic American opera, The Moonshiner, have been conducted very quietly. But we have no doubt that the quality will be conforming with the excellent standard of the Casino—and McCaull. It would be a pity to neglect any detail, and we look forward to the first night on Monday

week. It is understood that the composer will direct the performance.

Everybody who is anybody, is anxious for the return of the American Opera. Never has there been a musical undertaking so thoroughly successful as the last season of this only national opera, and all the world is waiting to see how the next will turn out. Our best wishes go with it.

At the Theatres.

Humbag is approaching its close at the Bijou. So is Prince Karl at the Madison Square. These houses, the Standard and one or two of the combination houses, will present new attractions on the 16th inst. That will virtually be the beginning of the preliminary season in this city. Just now the low-water mark is exposed to view.

Stage Types.

NO. XVI.—THE WALKING GENTLEMAN.

Richard Pettibone was born a gentleman—that is, his parents were well-to-do people, able to give their beloved son a good education and to start him respectfully in life. But the lad wanted to tempt the stormy wave—he would go down to the sea in ships and see the wonders of the deep, and so ran away from school aboard a timber ship, where he got more kicks than halfpence. On his return, the flavor of tar and pitch being still sweet in his nostrils, his father got him a nomination to Annapolis, where he went through the usual curriculum of navigation and seamanship, logarithms and larks, drill and deviltry, that goes to make up a perfect naval man. He passed respectably enough and was fit for his country's service; but his country had no need of him. The piping times of peace had set in, and midshipmen were at a discount; so Master Pettibone was fain to "do the private"—that is, to ship as fourth officer on board a mail steamer. For a couple trips that was well enough, but he got tired of being polite to sea-sick old ladies and crusty old gentlemen, and, besides, he could see no future. He had dreamt of being a gorgeous Admiral and commanding fleets and squadrons; but, in his present pursuit, the most he could expect was to rise to the command, after years of waiting, of a steamer trading to Japan or Australia, seeing that all other lines were in the hand of Europeans, through the admirable effect of our navigation laws, that have studiously prevented our flag from floating over golden argosies as of yore, and confined its floating to merely coasting craft. Now, Richard was a dab at acting. In private theatricals he shone lustreously, and one day the idea struck him that he, too, would try the stage professionally. "I have trod the planks long enough," said he; "now I will tread the boards." Dick was a good-looking fellow—tall, slim and not awkward. He, of course, started in by studying Hamlet. Everybody begins with Hamlet, if he be of the masculine gender, just as every girl makes her first attempt as Juliet. Well, Dick played Hamlet in Utica, and, in his own opinion and that of admiring friends, made a grand success. He then organized a company and travelled through the Canadian provinces—as he said, to "grease his blocks and get his running gear in order." But even in the Dominion one must live and salaries must be paid; so that by the time his gear worked smoothly, and his blocks stopped creaking, his money ran out. Receipts averaging \$20, and expenses amounting to \$60, soon empty the treasury; so Dick had to "clew up," as he nautically expressed it.

Now, what was to be done? The old folks at home were puritanical and disapproved of the stage and all its ways. So no help was to had from them. He applied to managers and agents, but, although his record at Annapolis was unblemished, he could not refer Mr. Palmer or Mr. Wallack to the Secretary of the Navy as to his capability for "holding the mirror up to nature." So in due course of time he was seen on the Square. He had plenty of good clothes still left; he could smoke a cigarette daintily, and was unsurpassed "in the nice conduct of a clouded cane;" he sported a lovely moustache, mashed all the girls who "daily take their walks abroad" on Fourteenth street, between Fourth and Sixth avenues, to admire the actors that abound in that territory, and by degrees he came to be noticed as a handsome, dashing fellow. One day a new piece was to be produced. In it there was a part for a swell—a real swell, not a stage top with w's for r's and a flaxen wig. Agents and managers were puzzled. The conventional thing would not do. The author kicked at the names which were proposed, and things came to a standstill. All of a sudden, one of the managers, who kept his eyes a little wider open than most of the fraternity, bethought him of Richard Pettibone. "I don't know whether the fellow can act," quoth he, "but, by Jove, he'll look the part to the Queen's taste." "Let's try him," cried another. "If he don't come out well at rehearsal we can only fire him out." "All right," agreed the author. "There's not much to say and still less to do, but whoever plays the part must look like a gentleman at least, and not like one of Macy's salesgentlemen."

So Dick was offered the management—at twenty dollars a week, subject to approbation on trial. The pill was a bitter one; his gorge rose at it. A dozen times he made up his mind to go to sea again and to forsake the

theatrical stage, but he remembered that the ocean was treacherous likewise, and that strange attractions that draw to the wings and stage everybody that has ever rubbed against them, exerted its magnetic power, and held him fast to the "profession"—and so, he accepted. His good looks and correct dressing, united to a gentlemanlike manner and a pleasant tone of voice, made his part come out well in performance, and Dick was reported to be the best "walking gentleman" on the American stage. Now, everybody knows that such a reputation is fatal. The best walking gentleman, like the best first lieutenant, is never promoted. They are both too useful and too rare to be advanced in grade, and Mr. Richard Pettibone still plays the "Charles, his friend," the Horatio, the Captain Digby, etc., of the stage—with credit to himself and satisfaction to the managers who employ him, leaving Hamlet and the other big bugs to more "robustious perriwig-pated fellows." And, indeed, his life is not to be despised—if it is not to be envied. He gets a good salary, wears good clothes, has not too much work, and will by-and-by drop quietly into second old-men, in which line of character he will still fondly remember the days when he played Hamlet in Utica.

Mr. Nobles Discusses the Situation.

Milton Nobles is probably among the best informed men connected with our stage. THE MIRROR is always glad of an opportunity to interview Nobles, for his talks are breezy, spicy and always to the point. Mr. Nobles also enjoys the distinction of being one of the very few good actors who have been successful in management, and to his credit be it said that his management has always partaken of the sterling, legitimate methods that characterize his acting. Though still on the sunny side of forty, Mr. Nobles has a good twenty years' record as an actor, the last twelve in the combined capacities of star and manager. His is by far the oldest of the regular combinations now travelling, having been contemporary with the Purlish Fifth Avenue combination. When we add that he writes, or, as he expresses it, "builds" his own plays, it can readily be seen that he is one of the workers of the profession, and necessarily an observer of events. Such a man's opinion upon the business outlook should be worth having, and THE MIRROR here presents it:

"Do you regard the outlook as good, bad or indifferent?" inquire I our representative.

"All three. I think the great attractions, such as play at largely advanced prices—that is, the ultra-fashionable—will do well, better, perhaps, than during the past season. The hurrah shows will always have a following in large communities, while the standard line of attractions, in comedy and drama, will, in my judgment, be the greatest sufferers. As a whole, I regard the prospects for the coming season as bad. Certainly I see nothing to indicate an improvement over last season."

"To what do you attribute the lack of interest in the drama?"

"There is no lack of interest. There is a lack of the circulating medium among the middle and poorer classes, who are the principal support of the theatre in every community. The business depression, in my judgment, has deeper down causes than most people in our profession imagine. It goes down to the very foundation of our system of labor and finance. The inevitable law of supply and demand is nowhere observed. In every branch of industry and art the supply is largely in excess of the demand."

"Then you see little hope for the future?"

"Until our necessities produce statesmen who have the ability, courage and honesty to successfully grapple with the industrial and financial questions of the hour, we must suffer in common with other branches of business. Attractions that are well established throughout the country, in which category I place myself, will probably peg along and make a little money."

"Then you regard the prospect as particularly bad for new attractions?"

"That depends. If imported and of the right sex, their chances are good. If they can surround themselves (and who of them cannot?) with an odor of personal nastiness, with titled adjuncts, as a subject for 'dress-work,' their financial success will be assured, and their social recognition will be an ovation. America is a big country; it has thousands of rich vulgarians and hundreds of thousands of their more vulgar imitators, and this great and glorious Republic is the paradise of snobs."

"Do you find actors inclined to accept smaller salaries in view of hard times?"

"I can only speak of my own experience. My company for the coming season I regard as the strongest I have ever carried, but my salary-list will be considerably less than during the past two seasons. Actors, as a rule, use very little business judgment. They prefer the promise of a hundred-dollar salary, with an untried attraction and a notoriously irresponsible manager or agent, to sixty when they are reasonably sure of getting it. But I find many of them have learned wisdom by the experiences of the past two years. But there are others who will never learn. I have in my mind a good actor who worked in the stock with me seventeen years ago (our salary then was twenty-five dollars). Last winter I met him in Chicago. He applied for an engagement for the present season. I offered him forty dollars a week. He couldn't think

of it. He was then getting fifty with C—and the season before he had fifty-five with A—. He ended by borrowing ten dollars, and by questioning I found that he had not had ten regular salary days in two years, and that his weekly average for the two seasons had been less than twenty dollars; and this man has a wife and family. There are numerous similar cases among actors much more pretentious than my old friend."

"What is your opinion of the war on the lithographing privileges?"

"I am heartily in accord with the stand taken by Chicago managers and hope other cities will follow in the work. The system is vicious and suicidal. It was brought into the profession by outside speculators—your 'colossal' and 'mastodonic' managers. Your great creatures, who for a timesat on imaginary managerial thrones, and touching imaginary wires, that governed imaginary destinies, till the bubble burst, and it was found that the actors had been playing to imaginary (paper) audiences, and drawing imaginary salaries. I shall be among the first to test the effect of the new move. I begin my season at the Grand, Chicago. The hundred or more dollars that I save on lithographs I use in another direction. It will be an incentive to know that the people in front, be they more or less, have paid their money. They will be sure to get our very best line of goods."

"Have you anything new this season?"

"No. The public seem to like my chestnuts, and managers don't complain. Indeed, I find a general demand for the old Phoenix this year. Speaking of the old Phoenix, I must tell you a good one. On Decoration Day I was playing it for the matinee at the Grand in Brooklyn. An English drama that had never been heard of before, and probably will never be heard of again, was to follow me that night. The author or manager, I'm not quite sure which, but at all events a pronounced Cockney, was on the stage during the matinee, and between the acts said to me: 'Wot his this your playin' ere?' 'This is The Phoenix.' 'Phinix; wot's that?' 'A play—a drama.' 'Yes, hi know, but oose is it?' 'Mr. Nobles; Milton Nobles.' 'Nobles—Phinix; that's hod; hi niver 'eard hod them.'"

Daisy Murdock's Condition.

Rumor has been rife, particularly in the neighborhood of the Casino, that the condition of Daisy Murdock has been greatly exaggerated; that she was purposely hiding from the friends who had so generously come to her aid on learning of her ill health, and that those who had assisted her were consequently much annoyed. A representative of THE MIRROR was given the address of Miss Murdock. It was "Care of Mrs. Low, No. 328 West Forty-eighth street." Thither the reporter went. Mrs. Low said that Miss Murdock had been removed to No. 215 West Twenty-third street.

"Are you a reporter?" asked Mrs. Low. An affirmative reply was given. "Well, then, you can see her, I think, but she will not see any one else. She can hardly speak above a whisper."

"Then her condition is very critical."

"Yes, indeed; she is very low."

At the house in West Twenty-third street the MIRROR reporter was waited upon in the parlor by the mother of Miss Murdock. "My daughter is very, very low," she said, "and the doctor says that no one can see her. I wish the report was as you say, but you can see Dr. Bradley, of No. 19 West Thirtieth street, her physician, if it is necessary for you to investigate further. Only the day before yesterday she was so low that he feared she would die, and as each visit and each attempt to talk racks the poor little frame almost to death, he would rather that she was not seen."

While the mother was talking a young lady of the house came down stairs with word that if the gentleman would step up Miss Murdock would receive him. It was a pitiful sight. Upon the white coverlet could be traced the wee, shrunken form of the erstwhile footlight favorite, while on the pillow straggled the golden curls in reckless profusion. The face was one that few would have recognized from the photographs that graced the mantel and the walls. In a few words the reporter explained the rumors. The whispered answer was not permitted her to give, as a fit of coughing choked her utterance. A few kind and assuring words, and then the head was allowed to rest once more on the pillow in ease.

"I have been here now four weeks," said Miss Murdock's mother, as she escorted her visitor down stairs. "My home, you know, is in Brooklyn. I shall stay here—until—"

The poor woman's voice broke down, and, thoroughly glad that his mission was over, the reporter departed.

Mr. Sargent's Aerial Express.

A crowd of actors, bootblacks, managers and newboys gathered on Fourth avenue in front of the Union Square Hotel yesterday afternoon. There was no fight in progress; no mad dog was urging on his wild career with probable Pasteur-ites in view; not even a run over on Mr. Vanderbilt's horse-car line served as a magnet. No; the group had assembled simply to observe the start at 4 o'clock of Harry Sargent's carrier-pigeons, which were to bear messages to that ingenious manager at Plainfield, N. J., and incidentally form the subject of some newspaper pars. in the interest of his star, pretty Adelaide Moore. Edwin H. Low had consented to superintend the details of releasing the birds.

Mr. Low deliberately fastened the pigeon in paper bearing the message of Mr. Sargent's friends to the strongest tail-feather of each pigeon. Then promptly—half an hour after the advertised time—the silver-streaked messengers of Union Square Jove were permitted to escape from the basket in which they had been imprisoned. One proceeded to interview the proprietor of the Criticon at his planning shop near the corner. Another flew directly into Eugene Brennan's popular resort. One made a dive for the Morton House, but was frightened off by a glimpse of Sheridan Street's photograph in an upper room. Another still made as if to enter the new Union Square buffet, but on spying the startling figure of Venus rising from the sea on one of the walls immediately flew back into the basket with a resigned expression of countenance.

Finally the wanderers were returned, and Mr. Low made another attempt to send them skyward. It was more successful than the first. They rose serenely, and after circumnavigating the ambient atmosphere above THE MIRROR office for about ten minutes, they darted off in a bee-line for somewhere, that might have been Plainfield, N. J., but probably wasn't—as the following advice received by THE MIRROR from Mr. Low last evening seemed to indicate:

67. M.—Up to 5:30 o'clock Harry J. Sargent's pigeons had not arrived in Plainfield.

9 P. M.—Just received a telegram from H. J. Sargent, saying bird No. 9 arrived in thirty-five minutes from New York, but brought no message. Mr. Sargent was on the lookout for the others. I think the feather to which the message was tied must have dropped out.

For all we know, Mr. Sargent, with watch-weary eyes, may be on the lookout still. Perhaps he made an error in regard to the breed of his winged messengers; perhaps they have organized a District Assembly No. 999 and struck en route; perhaps they've gone to Canada. At all events, as the Adelaide Moore Aerial Express isn't likely to get there, Mr. Sargent will find the highly important messages of his friends reflected over to Plainfield, N. J., in reliable shape by his faithful MIRROR, which has no tail-feathers to lose. Here are the missives *verbatim et literatim*:

Congratulations. Hope you will rake in the shekels next season with your new star. ANDREW DAIN.

I admire your hamocryptic gawl. You deserve a spicific niche in the olerothrathine catacomb of modern greatnes. NYM CHAMBERS.

Trust you will paralyze 'em next season, as all amiable and retiring men like you and myself should with our "Nonense." FRED. MAUNDER.

If you Adelaide Moore eggs during the incubating season, you'd have better off to-day. However, pigeon, and you'll come out all right. HOWARD TAYLOR.

The Ideas of March have certainly come to you have to get down to this. CAL.

You're a brick, but your little game won't work. I'm the only little-neck clam that the people expect such "Nonense" from. BOB FRANK.

Awful screw loose in your composition. You are doing wrong—sorry. Come to me and have your "Wrong Righted." JOHN A. STEVENS.

Personal.

DAVENPORT.—Fanny Davenport has been paying a visit to Watkins Glen.

WELBY.—Bertha Welby will come to town this week and at once begin active preparations for her season.

PAUL.—Howard Paul is in Boston renewing acquaintance with old friends. He returns to town on Friday.

BURNABY.—Robert Burnaby has been engaged to play leading juvenile parts with Charles Pope. The company opens in St. Louis, Sept. 30.

BRANDON.—Olga Brandon has been engaged to play the leading part in My Son-in-Law with Len Grover's company on Friday night at Long Branch. Next week she goes with the same party for a performance at Saratoga.

DAUVRAY.—Before beginning her season Helen Dauvray will visit the Thousand Islands for a fortnight. She is expected about the 2nd from Liverpool. The MS. of Mr. Howard's new play will be the most valuable portion of her luggage.

FORSBERG.—Harold Forsberg's Robert Macaire is the adaptation from the French original in which Le Maître and Fechter made their great hits at the Porte St. Martin, Paris. It is in four acts, and displays dramatic strength mingled with delightful humor.

BOWERS.—The report that Mrs. D. P. Bowers has been very ill is unfounded. She is in excellent health, and left for Chicago on Wednesday evening to look after her property interests in that city. She opens in the new Pittsburgh Theatre Sept. 6.

FITZ-ALLAN.—Adelaide Fitz-Allan has given up her idea of playing a week of the legitimate at some city theatre during the Summer. The almost total financial collapse of recent hot-weather engagements decided her on this course. Miss Fitz Allan has not yet signed for next season.

LITTA.—Louise Litte is hard at work studying her part in Farmer Hathaway's Daughter. She is having an elegant wardrobe made, and Frank Howson is arranging the music. One scene is a rehearsal for an amateur performance of Romeo and Juliet, in which Miss Litte as the love-lorn maiden, will wear a stunning white satin gown.

JARRETT.—Some doubt has arisen as to the identity of the Henry C. Jarrett who died in Buenos Ayres on Tuesday. There are two veteran managers of the same name, but the recently deceased gentleman, according to Marcus R. Mayer, who knew them both intimately, was the manager of Sarah Bernhardt, not the Henry C. Jarrett of Black Crook fame, who is perhaps better known in America than the one who has just departed.

The Usher.



In Ushering
Would him who can? The ladies call him, sweet,
—Love's Labor's Lost.

W. J. Florence always brings back a repertoire of stories and reminiscences from his fishing trips. He told me the other day that his biggest catch during the recent visit to the Restigouche region was a thirty-four-pound salmon that measured nearly four feet from nose to tail. Florence before leaving town had entered into contracts to send fish to pretty nearly all his friends, to fulfil which he would probably have had to ply his rod until snow flies. However, he went down the list until he found the name of Millionaire Mackay. The thirty-four-pounder he decided would be a princely gift to his eminently plutocratic chum.

"I sent a couple of Indians down the river with the fish," says Florence, "having first tied a tag with Mackay's address and the weight of the salmon to its nose. The red men paddled to the club-house and left their load to be expressed to New York. Not long after, a letter came from Mackay. He said I must have written that tag without my glasses, or rather I had probably had a superabundance of glasses in the wrong place. If I had intended my catch as a very fishy joke, it was a dismal failure. Where the fun lay in labelling a thirteen-pound salmon thirty-four pounds he couldn't precisely make out, etc. Investigation failed to solve the mystery, but I suppose an accidental exchange of fishes took place at the club-house. Nothing that I can say will convince Mackay that it wasn't an attempt at practical jocularly, and neither he nor anybody else will believe that I really caught a thirty-four-pounder."

Mr. Florence looked positively mournful as he spoke the concluding words, and I suspect he for once regretted his celebrity as a doer of funny things.

Nelson Wheatcroft has been paying a short visit to the other side. According to the accounts he sends me it isn't a particularly meretricious England just now. "Things are awfully changed over here," he writes, "and seems so dull and dispiriting that I shall be glad to get back to New York. I have had several offers of engagement here, but even were I not under an American contract for next season I don't think I could be induced to waste my return ticket." Wheatcroft, be it remembered, is a Britisher. During his stay he was invited to a concert given in the tent of the First Surrey Rifles at Wimbledon, in which he made his only public appearance. Little Marshall Wilder, who has become very popular round about London, Mr. and Mrs. Macklin and Bruce Smith also contributed. A supper at the Macklins' charming residence in Kensington wound up the evening. Wheatcroft is homeward bound by the *Exeter*, which is due this week.

Among other voyagers returning from foreign lands are Nat Goodwin and his wife and Dr. Robertson, who sailed from Liverpool yesterday on the swift *City of Rome*. Yardley, one of the authors of the burlesque Jack Sheppard, accompanies Goodwin. He will stage the piece for the Bijou. I hear, by the bye, that Miles and Barton are not to monopolize the humorous side of the young crackman's adventures. A well-known manager talks of reviving a revised version of the lamented Henry J. Byron's Little Jack Sheppard early in the Autumn. The more the merrier, say I.

Sophia has been taken off the boards of the London Vaudeville and that grey-bearded comedy, *The Road to Ruin*, suddenly substituted, according to my English advisers. It is somewhat singular that as soon as the American rights to Buchanan's piece were bought by Lester Wallack the run, which had been advertised as a pronounced and brilliant success, abruptly terminated. Doesn't it lend color to the oft-iterated statement that the dramatic gardeners over the water are given to putting their puny plants under the forcing glass, simply to make them salable in our market? Evidently Mr. Wallack has somewhat modified his good opinion of Sophia, inasmuch as he has reconsidered the determination to make it the opening piece of his season. Fielding's famous novel, "Tom Jones," from which

Buchanan drew his inspiration for Sophia, is chiefly remarkable because of its strongly drawn characters and the fidelity of its pictures of certain phases of English town and country life in the time when its scenes are laid. But the speech and manners of Fielding's dramatic persona are neither so pure nor so polite as the requirements of modern society demand. These features excised, and what remains, lacking as the book is in dramatic interest and theatrically effective situations? Perhaps Buchanan, who is a better tinker of other men's products than a creator, has reconciled the lapses and supplied the needed materials.

Nous verrons.

When Howard Paul was in the United States last Winter he dined at the Clover Club, Philadelphia, and in an after-dinner speech related an anecdote of Charles Dickens and his agent, George Dolby. It seems, according to the speaker, that the great novelist brought Dolby to America because of his remarkable digestive powers, his superb, fine old English stomach, which was equal to all demands made upon it. When Dickens was invited to drink Dolby was gently put forward to attend to these frequent libations, and the agent was sent to represent his chief at numberless dinners the participation in which would have taken up too much of the novelist's time. This speech, amusing enough in its way, as a personal anecdote of the sagacity of Dickens, was reported in the papers and afterward copied in the English journal *Tid Bits*. Dolby, who is in a needy condition in London, has taken grave exceptions to having his digestive apparatus thus paragraphically cracked up, and has actually brought an action for libel against the proprietor of the paper in question and claims \$2,500 damages.

Henry Guy Carleton, the author of *Victor Durand*, and Mr. Weighman, a very bright and clever journalist at present editorially connected with the *Star*, have written a comedy for John T. Raymond, which that comedian has accepted. It is called *Augustus Caesar*, and it possesses a decided element of novelty, inasmuch as it is the first classical farce-comedy on record. The story treats of the comic adventures of the imperial Augustus, who slips away from his loving spouse and goes over to Herculaneum, to have a regular lark with an historical friend. The pair proceed to paint the old town a brilliant carmine, and many and comic are the incidents of their spree. Augustus has a topical song with the appropriate refrain, "Do as the Romans Do." The verses may be pulled out to any convenient extent, like a telescope. The opportunity offered for fine scenic display is lavish, and of course there is a place set apart for the introduction of a classical corps de ballet. Raymond is enraptured with the concoction. He will figure as the pleasure-hunting hero some time during the Autumn. Raymond disporting in a toga and Raymond singing a topical song are two prospective spectacles which promise immense fun.

Our dramatic critics are enjoying a rest just now, and nobody is particularly sorry for it. They won't have much longer to laze, for in a fortnight the preliminary season will begin in earnest, and thence to Christmas there will be a rush of attractions, big and little. The past three weeks have been "barren of events," as the provincial correspondent delights in putting it, and so the critics have had no criticising to do. There are some, however, who go to the playhouse religiously every Monday night, from sheer force of habit rather than because there is anything of sufficient novelty or consequence to demand their sapient consideration. They were on hand at Falka Monday night, headed by Joe Howard, who is ubiquitous and never misses anything. He had just returned from a Western trip, and with his placid countenance, low-cut vest and Mackinaw hat, he was about the coolest sight in town. I think if Howard were sent on a mission to interview the gentleman who reigns by the grace of God in Hades, he'd not only do it, but feel comfortable wearing a Winter overcoat while his Majesty waved a palm leaf fan.

The managers of the minor combination theatres of this city have a grievance against the critics, which is that the happenings at their houses are seldom chronicled, much less seriously reviewed, while the stock establishments and star theatres are given almost a monopoly of attention. They urge—and justly—that the performances given in their establishments are entitled to a fair modicum of consideration, and they point to the unanswerable fact that only two or three of the dozen morning and evening newspapers ever pretend to cover the entire amusement field. As matters stand, and under the prevailing conditions, I do not quite see how the matter is to be rectified. The newspapers employ but one writer each to do the theatrical work. Of course when, as is not unusual in mid-season, there are noteworthy changes of bill at eight or nine theatres on Monday night, it is utterly impossible for one man to attend to half, much less all of them. It is equally impracticable for him to secure a sufficient number of capable and trustworthy deputies to help him without adequate remuneration. Therefore, although the critics are held responsible for omitting to keep every section of the field under surveillance, they are not really blameworthy.

There are but two ways to remedy the dif-

ficulty, and neither of these is likely to be adopted, for the simple reason that the powers that be in the down-town newspaper offices fail to comprehend the necessity for improving and widening the scope of the dramatic departments. One method is to put a force of intelligent writers at the command of the dramatic critic on nights when there is a stress of subjects—writers who will draw pay from the paper and act obedient to their chief's instructions. Another—and this is the more desirable arrangement—would be for them to view dramatic notices as criticisms, not news; to avoid the unseemly haste—which cannot fail to involve mistakes, errors and injustices, as in any other form of perfunctory work—of the present fashion of preparing the articles, and to recognize the falsity of the theory that a daily journal must furnish its readers with simultaneous reviews of new performances the very day after production. The plan of taking up one piece after another from day to day offers no grounds for objection; on the contrary, it insures accuracy, adequacy and fairness to performers, readers and the writers themselves. On the eve of a new season that promises to be both busy and interesting, it would be well for those most concerned to give these suggestions serious thought.

The outbreak of Gould-Kingdon gossip in the papers lately is one of those journalistic freaks that must be expected along about the dog days. I have pretty reliable authority for saying that George Gould and Edith Kingdon have no thoughts of a prospective matrimonial alliance. He is unlikely to make any match that is not calculated to still further increase the tremendous fortune to which he will fall heir. Gold is the god of the Goulds, father and son. George is quite as shrewd as his father, and he is even less likely to do anything from motives that have their origin in the heart. Miss Kingdon is a sweet, beautiful and accomplished woman, but when the subject of young Gould has been mentioned to her on several occasions she has manifested no eagerness to secure so desirable a *parti*. On the contrary, she is enamored of her art and proposes to stick to it. Of course it is woman's prerogative to change her mind, but should the young people reverse their intentions by any chance, time enough to discuss the engagement when it is officially announced.

While on the subject of matrimony let me give forth to an expectant profession the joyful news that that young and blushing swain, John Stetson, and his charming fiancée, Kate Stokes, have made up all their differences, and it's "on" again. The engagement was interrupted for a brief period, but the ardent J. S. plucked up heart and secured the lady's consent to a resumption of the agreement. The merry marriage bells will peal for them at no distant date, I am told.

A. M. Palmer telegraphs from Frisco that the Union Square company opened there on Monday night, to \$1,445. He furthermore announces that Jim the Penman will go up next week.

If the report of Herbert Kelcey's defection from the Madison Square and engagement at Wallack's be true, our own Lester is deserving of hearty congratulation. Kelcey is a many and good-looking actor, and through the patient drilling that has been given him by Carrie Hill he has gradually developed into an efficient player. When he first made his appearance in this city at Wallack's some years ago, he had little else to recommend him besides gentlemanly manners and distinct enunciation. Now he is a really valuable man, and Mr. Wallack, who has had several incompetent and namby-pamby persons playing the juvenile leads in his company, shows judgment in securing him.

Samuel Tilden, whose death was the general topic of conversation yesterday, used to be exceedingly fond of the theatre. During his active political life he found relaxation at the playhouse. In his choice of entertainments, as in everything else, the statesman displayed fine taste. He went to the play often, but only to see the best performances.

Rose Coghlan, who is located at Yonkers near "Greystone," has had a rozier Summer than her deceased neighbor. During the past few weeks he has only occasionally been able to inspect his superb greenhouses or cleave the blue waters of the Hudson in his noble yacht. But the bonnie, buxom actress has enjoyed every moment of her time, not excluding the hours devoted to the study of the various roles in which she will appear this season. Mr. Edgerly, her manager and husband, tells me that he thinks the legitimate will be the safest and surest channel; at all events, he hasn't a particle of doubt as to his wife's capacity for her new departure. By the way, Edgerly is annoyed by the silly statements some papers, that are ever at a loss for something interesting to fill their padded columns, have been making about his objection to advance agents. "One day last Summer," he says, "I happened to remark jocosely that I'd been bothered by so many people to do my advance work that I thought I'd abolish the position altogether. This is the only basis for a story to which some paper out in Chicago gives almost a column-and-a-

half. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. I have an advance man—his name is George Miller; he has been under contract to me for the past six months."

Probably the most popular of the transatlantic captains is Land, of the *City of Berlin*. Whether on sea or shore he is a general favorite, and a very particular one with the profession, scores of whom he numbers among his warmest friends and admirers. The jolly salt is pictured and biographed in the *August Harper's*, but neither the portrait nor the letter-press does him justice. Captain Land's ship is now in port, and consequently there is happiness discernible on the faces of the habitués of the Union Square Hotel, which he makes his headquarters.

On his last trip this way the Captain had several professional voyagers aboard, and, according to custom, they gave an entertainment for the Sailors' Orphan Fund of Liverpool, which netted £30. I have often wondered, by the way, why on the homeward-bound journey the receipts of these affairs are not given to the American sailors' orphans, or to the Blue Anchor Society, which provides the Government life-saving stations with clothes and food for shipwrecked mariners? Turn about is fair play—by the present system the English orphans get it all. The entertainment on the *Berlin* was engineered by the ship's surgeon, Dr. McGrath. Martyn Van Lennep sang several of his own compositions, Charles Wheatleigh recited; Miss Conger played the piano, and Mr. Humphreys, of St. James' Church on Madison Avenue, gave some tenor solos. It was altogether a very creditable affair.

A grand-daughter of Dickens has adopted the stage for a profession. She will probably make her first American appearance in *The Scapegoat* with Mrs. Chanfrau, who thinks of engaging her.

The London critics are forever finding fault with something. Now it is Lilly Grubb's name, which, despite its adaptability to the making of ponderous British puns, is not to their liking. One scribe, however, who no doubt belongs to the impressionist school, gallantly comes to the fair damsel's rescue and says: "Although her name may be Grubb in the play-bills, she is, in the eyes of London play-goers, a brilliant butterfly, who not only flies to every heart, but rests there."

There seems to be a disposition on the part of those interested in Violet Cameron's tour of this boundless continent to secure all the advertising possible by coupling Lord Londale's name with the enterprise. They even go so far as to make capital out of the disgraceful escapade of that butterfly peer the details of which were cabled to this side on Tuesday. With Miss Cameron's personal matters we have nothing to do; it is her ability as an opera comique artist that piques our curiosity. But words too severe cannot be found to characterize the conduct of the managerial manipulators who seek to secure a paying notoriety for the coming star by giving additional publicity to her backslidings, and to the scandal perpetrated upon her relatives by the nobleman attached to her train.

Mr. Wheatleigh's Trip to England.

Charles Wheatleigh, the veteran actor, returned from Europe on the *City of Berlin*, on Friday last, and was seen by a *Mirror* reporter shortly thereafter. "Everything theatrically seems to be flourishing over there," said he, "and I took in several of the recent successes. I saw Jim the Penman, the new comedy drama by Charles Young, and it's a pretty good sort of thing. I am not surprised at its success in Chicago, and I think it will have a good run in New York. What is it like? Why, it is a second Old Tom, or it may be that old play re-dressed to meet the modern taste. Old Tom, however, was dead and buried years ago, and it is the idea is taken from it, none but old vets will discover it. The present work is well done, and the piece is thoroughly entertaining."

"Then I saw Faust at Irving's theatre. I tell you, the stage-settings were something marvellous. At one time all is darkness, and the imps are having it all their own way, and then comes a transformation that startled me. The stage was a grand blaze of light, giving one the impression that the theatre was a sheet of flame. In all my experience I never saw lights worked to such practical advantage. Imps, evils, wraiths, monsters and all kinds of fiends, danced about and floated in the air in such pandemonic confusion that one almost fancied he was really in Hades, and that the whole business was let loose. It was a magnificent stage effect, and the settings throughout were the most beautiful and realistic I ever saw. Irving is certainly the master of stage business."

I also saw Sophia, the piece Lester Wallack has secured. It is quite entertaining, and I think will prove a success in this country. It is time our native writers were up and doing, for it looks as though we were going to be inundated with English provender again.

"Do I go with Bidwell again? Yes, and I expect to remain in New Orleans all the season. The people took well to the stock company experiment of Mr. Bidwell last season, and I have reason to believe they will lend it even greater encouragement this season.

What a glorious thing it would be to see revival of the old stock system throughout the country? Well, it may come, though we may not live to see it."

The Actors' Fund.

There were six applications for relief considered at the last meeting of the Executive Committee. Five were favorably passed upon and one rejected.

There was expended in relief last week \$100, including one funeral.

New members and annual dues paid in: Edward A. Barron, Harry Miller, Samuel L. Culbert, Fred C. Hoyer, J. H. Hunsley, Susan Lancelles, John P. Savage, C. W. Molander, Marie Wilden, Walter Plough, Marguerite Saxon and Thaddeus Shinn.

To-morrow (Thursday) the regular monthly meeting of the Board of Trustees will take place.

Henry Chanfrau is a Reporter.

"We are rapidly filling time for a season of forty weeks," said A. R. Anderson, Henry Chanfrau's new manager, to a *Mirror* representative the other afternoon. "Our season opens at the Boston Theatre, Sept. 4, and, after seven weeks in the East, we play in the South to Texas, and West as far as Chicago. We do not intend to play the cheap-price houses. Applications are from the best houses. We have secured a strong company, and while it will be the *placard* resistance, we propose to give *The Occident* and *Moss*. We also have in contemplation the presentation of a new play by George Hoyer. I think a prosperous season is in store for us."

"During the past two years Henry Chanfrau has done much to perpetuate the memory of his father. He does not claim recognition for his father's name, however, but he does claim credit for his own."

Miss Madden's Prospect.

"Miss Madden seems her name to be Col. 18, and our bookings go as far as we can in those cities and towns in which she is a pronounced favorite," said Manager Arthur S. Miller. "Many managers have given her the name for some time. We shall depend upon her mainly in securing a first class company, and instead of placarding a city with printing and lithographs we shall devote the money thus saved to giving better stage productions."

Caprice, Howard F. Taylor's new play, belongs to us. A satisfactory arrangement was made with Mr. Taylor, and the play has been turned over to Miss Madden. It will be made a prominent feature of our repertoire. We have two or three comedies with which to back the bill. Miss Madden is well at Larchmont, writing and arranging for the new plays. She is full of enthusiasm and has promised for the coming season."

The Actors' Fund's Dramatic Agency.

The well-known actor, John J. Sargent, who has been severely stricken and is now in a dramatic hospital in the West, arrived in the city yesterday in obedience to a telegram from the committee in charge of the Dramatic Agency connected with the Actors' Fund. Mr. Sargent was offered the management of the Agency and has accepted the trust. He has been intensively engaged in the production, and he cannot make the Agency a success the committee will have to look for his return to the city and a successor who can. When a *Mirror* reporter called on Mr. Sargent he was unable to possession of the desk recently vacated by Mr. Glynn.

"Of course," said Mr. Sargent, "it is impossible for me to say just now what I can accomplish. I haven't even seen the committee in charge. But of this you can rest assured: I shall put forth my best efforts to make the Agency a success. I am already at work on the see—getting the run of the books. After I have conferred with the committee I will be able to talk more freely. Just at this moment I have hardly had time to brush off the dust of travel."

Roland Reed's Season.

"Counting in the madhouse, extra and regular, I will close my season at the Bijou Opera House with the fiftieth performance of *Hunchbug* on August 14," said Roland Reed to a *Mirror* representative yesterday. "For a Summer season, and considering the late hot spell, it has been very good—in fact, a little money has been made. On August 15 we open our regular season at the Bijou Opera House. I have been doing my own building, and have been rather surprised at the success with which I have secured week stands and other large cities in which I have hitherto appeared. Several weeks will be played to and about New York. My whole season is booked on excellent terms, and I am rather pleased with the novel experience of managing my own business. Taken all around, my company is the best I have ever had, and I believe I am on the eve of a prosperous season."

"You will regard my once again broaching comic operas as having a strong 'chamant' flavor. Still, I must add one more to my list of declinations. I have refused a tempting offer from George C. Brotherton, of Philadelphia. He offered me \$10,000 to play a four weeks' success in comic opera. Of course I felt flattered—who wouldn't? But I have bid den good-bye to comic opera, and look forward to many seasons of prospering in the field of comedy."

London News and Gossip.



LONDON, July 22, 1886.

When the mail went out this day week announcements as to theatre closing were rife all round. Among those about to put up the imminent deadly shutter were the Empire, the Vaudeville and the Criterion, but either from pure cussedness or for some other reason, these announcements had hardly appeared than, hey presto! they were cancelled. Eventually the Criterion fulfilled its promise and shut up last Saturday, but the Empire still hoped on, and the Vaudeville, which had arranged for its vacation to start after Sophia's birthday night—last Saturday as ever—suddenly made other arrangements and put up Holoferne's old comedy, The Road to Ruin, after a special morning performance thereof at Manager Thorne's benefit on Friday.

On this special occasion stars of various magnitudes shed their lustre on the programme. Among these were some more or less well known on your side of the water. To wit, J. H. Barnes, who contented himself with the part of the honest booter—possibly because he is not involved in the mystery of that trade or profession; Glenney, Jack Milford; R. Paulton, Sulky; E. Righton, Jacob; and F. Thorne, Third Tradesman. The other tradesmen were played by Wilson Barrett's brother George and J. L. Shine, a low comedian who ever and anon breaks forth into management. Thomas Thorne, forsaking the familiar "Next, please!" of Barber Partridge, and also casting off that faithful shaver's hearty manner, went in again for a study of craft and cunning, giving as Sulky one of the best performances he has given for many a day. Charles Warner, beloved of gushing play-goers, again appeared as Young Dornton, and though artistic on the whole, adopted the "Eccles" vein to such an extent as somewhat to mar the effect of this, his best comedy part. Since the matinee, however, Warner has simmered down considerably, and the result is more satisfactory. Old Dornton, well played at the matinee by John Maclean, is now entrusted to James Fernandez, a sound and capable actor. David James, coming along to help his old pard, Thorne, essayed to play the giddy Goldfinch, and he soon proved that the part was not his sort, because, to begin with, he knew hardly anything of the text. This difficult character is now being played by Fred Thorne with a good deal of go (and noise). Sulky, which Paulton made, on Friday, a very dirty-faced merchant, is now played by Royce Catelet, who lately made a bit as Tom Jones' enemy, Bliff. The principal female parts were then and are now excellently well rendered by Sophie Larkin, the lively Lottie Vence and the beautiful Kate Rorke.

On Monday, after having appeared for eleven nights as Claudian, our Wilson Barrett put up Hamlet at the Princess—with himself as Hamlet, of course. I have seen Hamlets of which I think more nobly, but for all that Barrett's has a breezy kind of romance about it and is certainly picturesque and dramatic, albeit too rapid for those who like some meditation and contemplation served up with their Shakespeare. This (Thursday) afternoon Barrett will commence his double barrelled benefit, when all the principal players will lend their assistance. To-night Hamlet will be seen again, in order to oblige the other Heir Apparent, which his front name is Albert Edward. At the end of the play Barrett will bid us all good-bye. It is the last we shall see of him in London before he descends upon your hospitable shores accompanied by 250 tons of "properties" for Claudian. We shall perhaps miss him when he is gone. Opinions differ as to Barrett's status as an actor, especially when he flies at very high theatrical game. It is certain, however, that as a romantic, melodramatic hero he has few equals. Still more certain is it that although Wilson Barrett is not the premier manager of London, he runs a dead heat with Augustus Harris for the second place. In his managerial career he has had many ups and downs, but he has always mounted his shows magnificently; and what with the Princess' and his four or five provincial companies, he has provided meat and drink for some hundreds of mummies and their families, some of whom (as is the way of the world, especially of the theatrical world) haven't a good word to say for him. I hold no brief for Barrett, but this I say: Whatever you and your contemporaries may think of him as an actor, you will find him an earnest, in doubtful man, who deserves success, although he may be unable to command it.

Some amusement of a tea garden type was lately caused by an advertisement which appeared in several newspapers for "a lady of taste to play a leading part in Messrs. Burroughs and W. G. Matchem's sparkling production." An air of mystery pervaded the advertisement "want," because nobody

seemed to know anything either of the authors named or of their pieces, sparkling or otherwise. Whether the advertisers were eventually suited with "a lady of title," I cannot say; all I know is that they opened the Avenue on Monday night, and no lady of title was visible on the bill of the play. The advertisers, however, seem to have caught a gentleman of money, who is said to have put down £1,000 toward running the show. This capitalist figure on the bill as Ted Duval, and it is removed that he thirsts for theatrical fame. All that I can say is that he is likely to thirst, for a worse actor was never seen. He is nearly as bad as the resistance piece, which is called Our Agency, and is by the advertiser's aforesaid. If this is a specimen of Messrs. Brunell and Matchem's "sparkling," all I can say is give me downright dullness, which, by the way, is just what they have given. A more idiotic, backbores, irritating collection of hitherto unconsidered rot it would be impossible to find. There is this consolation about Our Agency though, that, take it for all in all, we never can by any possibility look upon its like again. The characters, if you may call them so, are shared out among equal proportions of raw and anything but nervous amateurs, and forty-ninth rate professionals whose notions of acting and making up are of the most primitive type. I am astounded that the Avenue proprietors should have let their house to such a strange band. As for the stage-struck capitalist, he will lose his thousand, as he deserves to do, for inflicting himself and this show upon the public. That is, he would inflict them if the public did not severely stay away. I have not recovered from my visit and I am seriously thinking of suing the management for damages. On Thursday long-suffering noticers of plays were summoned to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, there to see two new pieces produced by Minnie Bell, a character actress of some versatility. One was an operetta called Minna; or, The Fall from the Cliff, written by Sutherland Edwards and composed by Isidore de Lara, a Semitic fidus-puncher and ballad-singer who is described by some as "the idol of London female society." Words and plot were alike feeble and the music was chiefly of the funeral order. That, however, did not prevent the idolizers present from calling for the idol with such vehemence that he had to rise in his place in the stalls and appease them by frequent more or less graceful bows.

But bad as Minna, etc., was, it was a work of art compared with the "comedy" that followed. This, which bore the title of Nellie's Flight, was also written by Sutherland Edwards, but so full of "suggestiveness" was the original MS. that the players trembled not only lest the Licenser should refuse his sanction to the piece, but also lest they be arrested for a breach of morals. For your mummer, I need hardly say, is nothing if not moral. Therefore a young man who dabbles in acting and authorship, by name Brandon Thomas (just returned from American theatres royal—that is to say, republican), threw himself into the breach that might have been and took the piece home to rewrite. Owing to this purifying process the players did not see the third act until a day or two before the performance, and in consequence had to study it with such vigor that their hair grew grey in the process. Meanwhile, no license was to hand even on the morning of production.

The manager of the theatre, however, got out of the train en route and rushed back to town, and in due course arrived at Sydenham, armed with the necessary permit. And so we were inflicted with Nellie's Flight, which proved to be one of the most meaningless productions ever seen even at a matinee. After B. Thomas' purification and revision, the piece still retained sufficient "blue" business to cause kind friends in front occasionally to wake up and guffaw, but not enough "blueness" to give any vitality to the play. Let it sleep in the shade. It is not likely to be called for again. Adonis reached his 50th performance at the Gaiety on Saturday night, when some revisions, alterations, new songs and fresh business, were, after all, allowed to be done. Dixey was to have imitated Irving as he appears when playing Mephistopheles, but nervousness set in and Dixey postponed the new feature until later on. There was a crowded house and I was glad to learn (although I still consider the piece no good) that business has been picking up considerably of late.

Your Daly and our Wyndham have, it is said, been at loggerheads over Schöntau's Golden Spider—which has, it appears been sold to both of them. Neither D. nor W., however, bears any marks of violence—as yet. I asked in these columns, a week or two ago, why Daly did not arrange to visit London every year in future. Daly told me on Saturday that he would willingly return here next year but that he has promised to take himself and company to the glorious climate of California for a short season next Summer.

Willie Edouin talks of starting a season at the Comedy, with Mark Melford's two new pieces (both successes)—Blackberries and Turned Up.

Mrs. Conover, whose plucky management of the Olympic nearly ruined her, threatens to play Lady Macbeth in a grand revival of Macbeth, at her ill-fated house. Mrs. C. is no actress. No doubt that is why she chooses this light, easy character. Macbeth will be played by J. H. Barnes. If he does it as well as he did at Old Drury one morning a few

years ago, he will serve. J. D. Beveridge, late of the Adelphi, where the Harbor Lights reaches its 300th performance to night, is to be the Macduff. Beveridge will, doubtless, by reason of his troque, play the Thane of Fife as an Ulster Loyalist, which, by-the-by, he is in real life.

Marie de Grey will play bits of The Country Girl at the Novelty on Saturday. She will be a full grown and well-developed Peggy, if nothing else.

Boucicault's comedy, The Jilt, is booked to appear at the Prince's next Tuesday. Dion has issued a farewell to the public. In it he says: "Retiring from the London stage, where it has been my good fortune to labor successfully for your amusement for forty-five years, I offer you a farewell tribute in the shape of a five-act comedy, hoping The Jilt may serve to remind you that the author of The Colleen Bawn and The Shaughraun may sign himself the author of London Assurance." Quite so; but why Dion should dub himself the author of The Colleen Bawn, when he owes nearly all of it to Gerald Griffin, is what puzzles GAWAIN.

Edmund Collier's Prospects.

"I am obtaining excellent dates for Edmund K. Collier's coming season," said Walter Hudson, who is doing the booking for the young tragedian—"just as good as have been obtained in seasons past for the strongest Union Square attractions. The confidence of out-of-town managers in Mr. Collier's success is very gratifying, not to say wonderful. J. W. Collier, who will personally manage him, is busily engaged in preparations for the tour. A strong all-round company is being engaged. Manager Collier is taxing his inventive genius in getting up novelties in the printer's art, and promises to excel his record in this line. The opening takes place at the People's Theatre on August 30, in Jack Cade, and Manager Miner says the name Collier would be alone sufficient to fill the house for the entire week. Mr. Collier is booked, principally in large cities, up to Jan. 20.

"Mr. Collier does not confine himself to Jack Cade. When the company gets into good working order, Metamora, Virginus, Damon and Pythias and other plays in which Forrest and McCullough found lasting fame will be produced. However, Jack Cade will be the feature of the repertoire. At present the actor is at his cottage at St. James, Long Island. By a course of training he has reduced his avoirdupois and improved his voice, and he never appeared in better health."

Zitka, under Harry Miner's management, opens Sept. 2. Charlotte Behrens plays the leading role, and the company besides includes Adeline Stanhope, Emie Santeuri, J. Leslie Goslin, Frank Evans, John Walsh, F. O. Savage, Percy Florence, George Robinson, John Thompson, John Lindsey, T. D. Frawley and John Armstrong. Osmond Butler is to be the agent and E. E. Hume business manager.

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This house is on the ground floor and first-class in every respect. Oskosh second city in Wisconsin. Two good attractions wanted for Northern State Fair, week September 13-18. Managers desiring dates for next season will address undersigned. All contracts must be signed by
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PLATTSBURGH, N.Y.
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Two Galleries, Iron Circle and Parquette. House capacity 1,000. Seats 1,000. New and complete. Complete stock of scenery. Folding chairs, opera chairs, and well appointed dressing-rooms. House lighted by gas and electric light. Promenade city and vicinity 12 miles. Three lines of railroad. Dates, season 1887-88. Address
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TEUTONIA OPERA HOUSE.
Seating capacity, 1,000. Ground floor.
WANTED—ONE ATTRACTION PER WEEK ONLY, FOR SEASON 1886-87.
GOOD BUYS.
PERCENTAGE MADE SATISFACTORY.
Managers booking Michigan Circuit will find it profitable to reserve date for this house. For dates and terms only
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Seats 300. New Scenery. Good show town. Annual license. Own a bill board. Now booking for season. Co. Fair begins Sept. 21. JOHN B. WHALEN, Mgr.

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SOLICITS BOOKINGS FOR 1886-87.
From all first-class Troupes, Combinations and Musical Companies.
The cities composing this circuit average twenty miles apart, with very best railroad facilities.
For dates apply to the following managers:

City.	Population.	Seating Capacity.	Manager.
Joplin, Mo.	10,000	900	H. H. Haven
Webb, City, Mo.	4,000	900	James O'Brien
Columbus, Kas.	1,500	800	G. E. Harland
Parsons, Kas.	11,000	800	Lot L. Hall
St. Scott, Kas.	12,000	900	W. F. Patterson
Pittsburg, Kas.	12,000	1,000	C. & J. Miller
Lamar, Mo.	1,500	800	Brown & Avery
Nevada, Mo.	6,000	1,000	Harry C. Mann
Rich Hill, Mo.	6,000	1,000	J. Goldenshaw
Butler, Mo.	5,000	800	Dun Keady
Paola, Kas.	3,000	600	L. D. White
Ottawa, Kas.	8,000	900	Samuel Smith
Garnett, Kas.	3,000	1,000	S. Kaufman

W. P. PATTERSON, President, Fort Scott, Kas.
H. H. HAVEN, Secretary, Joplin, Mo.

General information in regard to the circuit, railroad connections, etc., will be cheerfully furnished by the Secretary.

Professional Doings.

—Charles W. Thomas is summering at Long Beach, L. I.

—Burr McIntosh goes with Kate Forsythe to do juveniles.

—W. A. Paul has closed with King Hedley for leading business next season.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Bacon are passing their vacation at Bar Harbor.

—C. E. Verner, in Shamus O'Brien, will open at Halifax, N. S., on Sept. 6.

—Rehearsals of the new company in A Tin Soldier begin next Monday, August 9.

—Clara Morris opens at the Union Square Theatre on Oct. 4 in the new play Sybil.

—Jennie Carroll is one of the latest of the engagements for Mrs. Bowers' company.

—Randall's Theatrical Bureau has added the Alexander Theatre, San Francisco, to its list.

—John Hooley is spending a few weeks at Long Branch with his uncle, R. M. Hooley.

—Richard Gorman is securing good time in his drama, *Cynard*; or, *The Hand of a Friend*.

—Adelaide Randall is singing through an opera season at a Summer resort near Baltimore.

—W. C. Crosby, lately with Sanger's Bunch of Keys company, arrived from California this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Clifford have been engaged to play the Doctor and Commander in *Ranch 10*.

—Frank R. Stevens has been engaged to support *Maud Banks*. He is spending his vacation at Bar Harbor.

—Clara Morris will open the new Temple Opera House, Elizabeth, N. J., in the latter part of September.

—The New Opera House at Rondout, N. Y., will be opened by Maubury's Wages of Sin company on Sept. 3.

—J. H. Fitzpatrick has been engaged as stage manager during the run of De Mille's new play, *The Main Line*, at the Lyceum.

—Catherine Lewis is arranging for a New York opening with My Missus, the comedy written for her by Donald Robertson.

—Carrie Rose, the soubrette, returned from the West Indies last week, and was immediately engaged for the Youth company.

—Harvest, a new play by Charles Overton, is contracted for by Lester Wallace, and is to be produced at his theatre some time in January.

—Charles H. Bradshaw, late comedian for Lotta, has not as yet engaged for the coming season. He is still at North Scituate Beach, Mass.

—The Grass Widow, a farce-comedy by Charles T. Vincent, will be played alternately with *The Wages of Sin* by the Maubury company.

—William F. Johnson, attorney for the estate of John McCullough, warns against infringements upon the late tragedian's play, *The Gladiator*.

—W. H. Young, formerly stage manager for Ritor, and latterly with Robson and Crane, has been engaged in the same capacity for Mrs. D. P. Bowers.

—Charles Osgood will have entire charge of Robinson's Opera House, Cincinnati, in the interest of Manager P. Harris. The season will probably open on Sept. 5.

—Charles Heywood, a female impersonator from Australia, and a phenomenal singer, has been engaged for the Dockstadter Minstrels. Peter Mack is another recent engagement.

—Sally Cohen and Mrs. Eugene Canfield have gone to Cincinnati to spend a week at the former's home. Both ladies were members of Sanger's Bunch of Keys company last season.

—Harry Lacy will do *The Planter's Wife* again the ensuing season. He has selected his company, and rehearsals will begin in about two weeks. The opening is in Albany on Sept. 6.

—S. W. Fort came to town the other day and made arrangements with the Demarest Chair Company to re-seat the Washington Grand Opera House. The theatre is to be entirely re-decorated and newly carpeted.

—The company engaged to support Viola Allen includes Leslie Allen, D. G. Longworth, Delous King, George W. Farren, Harry Rose, Anita Harris, Mrs. Brutone, Edith Barrymore, Grace Crampton and Mollie Hope.

—Robert McWade has returned from the West, after a fairly successful season with Rip Van Winkle. He does not think there is much more draft to the old Dutchman, and thinks of abandoning it for something fresher.

—There is to be a celebration at the Casino on the day of the arrival of the French man-of-war which will carry the French people who are to witness the unveiling of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty, which will occur some time in September.

—Manager W. W. Moore, of the Grand Opera House, Des Moines, Ia., claims his as the only theatre in that city that has never played at twenty-three prices, and he therefore bids for the support of the best attractions. He does his own booking.

—Ears Kendall's Pair of Kids company will include E. B. Fitz, Thomas E. Jackson, Arthur Dunn, W. H. Hutton, Gustav App, Charles Huntington, Mattie Fox, Josie Langley, Kathryn Webster, Jennie Dunn and Grace L. Chase. The season opens August 30.

—Willie Granger returned to Brooklyn last week after a season of forty-eight weeks with George C. Miln, and was immediately engaged by J. W. Collier to support Edmund Collier. Rehearsals begin on the 16th inst. Meanwhile Mr. Granger is keeping cool at Asbury Park.

—Manager Rohrkaste, of the Sixth Avenue Theatre, Beaver Falls, Pa., claims to have a stage large enough for the production of any play on the road. Beaver Falls, with New Brighton a half mile distant, has a population of 40,000 to draw from. But one night a week is played.

—R. M. Field writes that he is getting along nicely with the preparations for Harbor Lights, which is to be produced at the Boston Museum. Frank Sanger has sold the rights for Boston to Mr. Field. Should the play prove a success it will be presented in New York.

—Methorne McDowell, who supported Fanny Davenport last season, has been engaged by William Gillette, and will be in the new play, *Field by the Enemy*. Louise Dillon has been engaged to play the soubrette part. Rehearsals of the play are of daily occurrence at the Madison Square Theatre.

—George C. Brotherton's original Temple Theatre company in *The Little Tycoon* will go on the road and appear in the large cities. H. S. Taylor is filling time for thirty weeks, twenty of which were filled in one day.

—Lorraine Rogers, husband of Charlotte Thompson, arrived from California Wednesday, and immediately retired to his country home on the Hudson, where he will remain till the opening of the season, when he will introduce a new play with his wife as the star.

—James K. Keane requests us to publish the following extract from a letter sent by him from Gardner, Mass. "My late partners, John J. Kennedy and wife, Leonore Hassan, and Alfred Kennedy Kelcey, jumped this town on July 30, leaving unpaid bills, all of which I must settle before leaving. They are also indebted to me for more than \$100."

—Frank Oakes Rose returned from the West Indies on Wednesday last, having disbanded his company there and sent it home. While at St. Lucia Mr. Rose purchased an interest in a sulphur mine, and he has such sanguine hopes as to the resultant profits that he thinks seriously of abandoning the profession. He will place the mine upon the New York market.

—George E. Gouge has been engaged by Neil Burgess as business manager for the coming season. The statement that Mr. Gouge was to go with Sol Smith Russell is consequently incorrect. Mr. Burgess opens at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Sept. 20, with *Vim*. Mr. Gouge is acting as Superintendent and General Passenger Agent of the Point of Pines Electric Railroad this Summer.

—The company supporting Eugenie Lindeman and George Woodward next season, under the management of T. F. Reid, includes the following: Charles Thornton, Carl Smith, Harry C. Clemens, Nagle Barry, James H. Rowland, Richard Hayden, Beatrice Constance, Gabrielle McKean, Lucy Pixley, little Camille Campbell, and Prof. O. Olsen, musical director.

—Gaspard Maeder has just completed the new scenery for O'Neill's Monte Cristo company. He has been engaged on the work nearly three months. Mr. Maeder has attended to it in person, no detail being left to subordinates. Many additions and improvements have been made in the scenic effects of Monte Cristo since Mr. Maeder was employed in working for the late Charles Fechter.

—Manager Hagenbuch, of the Allentown (Pa.) Opera House, wants for the first week in September a good attraction as an opening card. Companies will be played three-night and week stands at popular prices. Time is open in October, November, December and January. The Academy has been improved all over for the coming season, and is now one of the handsomest theatres in Eastern Pennsylvania.

—The company that will support Harold Forsberg in Robert Macaire has been completed. Manager Teegarden states that he intends to make a special and attractive feature of the *fete* scene, in which a number of clever specialties, topical songs and duets will be introduced. In the dance the ladies will appear in rich evening dresses of the period. The attraction is obtaining choice dates and the general opinion seems to be that it gives bright promise of success.

—Runs in the Blood is the title of a new comedy drama in four acts, recently finished in Boston by Howard Taylor. It was written to order for Roland Reed, who expressed himself satisfied with it, but to his astonishment, after arriving in New York from his recent tour, he found he was still under contract to play Cheek and Humbug this season. Mr. Taylor will dispose of the play to the first good eccentric comedian who may want it.

—Before leaving for Europe, Daniel Frohman gave Howard P. Taylor a *carte blanche* order for a new society play, to follow the engagement of Helen Dauvray at the Lyceum. Mr. Taylor has almost completed the plot, and will write the piece in Boston. It is to be submitted during the Winter months, as it is calculated Miss Dauvray's engagement will extend into Spring, and perhaps the whole season, should Bronson Howard's new play prove successful.

—The seven sets of scenery for the Hedley-Harrison Youth company, painted by Gaspard Maeder, were finished last Saturday, and a private exhibition of the working of the intricate mechanical effects was given at Niblo's Garden on Sunday afternoon. Rehearsals have begun. The company includes Agnes Proctor, Mary Mills, Alice Crawford, Rose Bush, Will Paul, Graham Crawford, Charles B. Charters, L. Wheaton and King Hedley. J. Edward Hall will be stage manager.

—Lew Dockstadter is one of the busiest men in the city. In the absence of his partner in Europe in search of novelties for the Comedy Theatre—hereafter to be known as Dockstadter's Minstrel Hall—he is not only superintending the alterations to the building, but is also engaging his people, and attending to the many and exacting details accompanying the inauguration of his new enterprise. If his present indefatigability lasts, the people of this vicinity will be treated to some delightful entertainments.

—"We have booked about fifty of the larger cities for our travelling company in Erminie," said Edward Aronson to a Mirror representative the other morning. "We open at the Globe Theatre, Boston, on Oct. 4, with the following company: Pauline Hall, W. S. Daboll, Francis Witson, Mark Smith, Marie Jansen, Agnes Folsom, Murry Woods and Victoria Schilling. Entire new costumes are being made, and the scenery will be the same as is at present being used in the Casino. John H. Russell will manage Erminie."

—Manager Charles O. White, of Detroit, will leave for home on Sunday. In the matter of bookings for Detroit and the Michigan circuit, Mr. White has far exceeded his expectations. He has secured the cream of attractions, and has brought down upon himself the benedictions of the managers of the Wolverine State. During his stay in New York he has been in almost daily receipt of letters and telegrams from the circuit managers, ever repeating the refrain: "Keep on in the good work. We have never known such a line of bookings. You have laid out a brilliant season for us."

—A delightful entertainment took place at Dutcher Hotel Pawling, N. Y., on Saturday evening last. The proprietor is the father of Will F. Burroughs, and the entertainment consisted of the closest scene from Hamlet, J. H. Fitzpatrick as the Ghost, Mrs. Fitzpatrick as Queen Gertrude, and Will Burroughs as Hamlet; followed by the screen scene from The School for Scandal, and the farce of Little Toddekins, by the same people. Many dig-

ressaries from the city were present, and the proceeds, which were not inconsiderable, went to an eleemosynary institution of Paris. Several professionals are leaving this Summer at this place.

Driftwood.

San Francisco Argonaut: Philippe Adolph d'Enfer is said to have made more money by his writings for the stage than any man in France, although he has never been regarded as a dramatist in any high sense. The Parisian critics speak of him as a fabricator of plays, a theatrical carpenter, a melodramatic means, a comedy cabinet-maker, and satirize him in every way. He is a wholehearted robber, taking whatever he wants from any and every source; and yet he has extraordinary cleverness, and wonderful capacity for dramatic effect and situation. He is a French Don Quixote. He has turned out (this is the exact phrase) more than three hundred plays of diverse kinds, either by his own energy or in collaboration. Tragedies, comedies, farces, comedettes, melodramas, historic pieces, vaudevilles, comic operas are all the same to him. Not one of his plays is really original, but some of them are only partially borrowed. He has never written that really brilliant work, *Don Camille de Bassano-Boucault*, which simply translated and adapted it from him, claims it also—but he got the bulk of it from a Spanish source. Two of the plays well known here are *A Celebrated Case* and *The Two Orphans*, which are the creed of most of the literary men of France. He is reported to have made fully a million dollars, though he has lost a good deal by speculation. Those who know him say he is kind-hearted and good-natured, albeit he drives hard bargains with those who want his wares. He is not troubled by the sharp conscience that the liberal methods of furnishing plays. He says that a man who has met with remarkable success is sure to be envied and assailed, but he can afford to be amiable. He has even appropriated American authors, Fenimore Cooper, Hawthorne, and Mrs. Beecher Stowe among them, and given dramatic versions of their novels. His constructive ability is marvelous, and he can detect a dramatic effect instantly in any amount of prose.

An anecdote of John Oxenford, related by William Archer in "About the Theatre": "When he first took up dramatic criticism for the *Times* he wrote unreservedly, not merely of the play under notice, but of the actors. One of these, being somewhat sharply criticised, appealed in a strong letter to the editor, which Mr. Deane showed to John Oxenford. 'I have no doubt you were perfectly right in all you wrote,' and the great editor to the embryo critic, 'but that is not the question. . . . Whether a play is good or bad, whether a man acts well or ill, is of very little consequence to the great body of readers, and I could not think of letting the paper become the field for argument on the point. So in future, you understand, my good fellow, write your notices so as much as possible to let the good letters being addressed to the office. You understand?'"

I recollect I was guilty on the first night of a little forgetfulness that cost me very dear, and about which I was often after severely chided. Mr. Royan had arranged that in his character of Colonel Jinks he should have a comic combat with me at the entrance to the blue chamber. We were to fight a set combat, with basketed sticks for swords, beginning with four blows on our weapons, and then I was to turn half round and receive number five on my back, then repeat the figure, Royan receiving number five in turn, and so on. A board was made for each of us, to fit our backs underneath the coat, to protect us from the blows and to give out a sound when the blows fell. In my hurried change from the Demos King to Swartwig I forgot to put on the board, nor did I think about it until I faced Mr. Royan sword in hand for the fight. The board was loudly playing the comic music, and there was no chance of telling him of my error, or of asking him not to hit hard. I noticed a peculiar grin upon his face as he furnished his stick, and heard him shout something through the music which sounded like "Pie-right—board," which I concluded to mean I must take care to hit him where the board was (how I envied him that bit of timber). Our sticks crossed, one, two, three, four, and it came—five! I gave my poor back a severe jolt. I was here pulled a nice face, for the pit and gallery yelled with delight. Our sticks met again, and to the music—one, two, three, four—and, as it would manage my own pain, I hit him with all my strength—five! He squeaked and jumped. He gave me one more terrible blow as I lay, at which I shouted "Oh!" and the audience were in ecstasies, and as the scene closed, they roared, "Encore! encore!" but to my delight and relief, the manager cried, "No, no, no!" The two combatants then came on to the stage, bearing with rage. "This is most unfair, sir," shouted Hardyboy and Royan together; "we should have had that." "Why?" said Royan. "Why?" I groaned out; "why? I'm a man of brains. I tried to let you know. I forgot to board my backboard." "You did it!" yelled Royan, with a savage grin; "and so did I!"—An Actor's Reminiscences.

Detroit Mercury: The Minnons decries the interpolation of gags in light opera, and it strikes me the point is very well taken. I have often spoke against the topical song business. A McNeill company is singing an engagement in Washington now. The Black Hussar being the opera produced. You remember, the scenes of the question were in the last century. Nevertheless, Digby Bell sings forty or fifty verses in an evident desire to know "when will the Washington base-ball club win a game?" I presume he would have time to sing forty or fifty more stanzas before the question would be substantially answered, but it is just a bit incongruous for an Eighteenth century being to inquire about deeds which have only been performed nine times in this one. In Falka like liberties are taken in spring and in the opera. The little thread that connects the plot of pieces of the Falka ilk, if plot it may be called, is lost in irrelevant attempts at funnys and unparaphrased vulgarities.

The *Keynote*, July 31: An accusation of malice criticism has been leveled against us by the New York Mirror, which has been fully dealt with by the author of the article referred to in a letter addressed to the editor of that paper. We have personally inquired into the facts of the case, and are thoroughly satisfied that neither Mr. Clarke nor any one else has infringed the immutable law of impartiality we have scrupulously adopted since the first issue of the paper. The criticism complained of certainly was inserted during the editor's absence, but inasmuch as the facts therein referred to are evidently true, and moreover were not inspired by any feeling of malice on the part of the writer, no reason for complaint exists. As far as the merits of Prince Karl are concerned, the editor frankly stated his opinion of the production to Mr. Mansfield personally, when breakfasting with him some time ago, and it surely cannot be urged even by the most intemperate of writers that it has any dramatic worth. Indeed, Mr. Mansfield himself evidently recognized the truth of this opinion for he could not have re-written the last act himself, had he not found it absolutely necessary to do so. The editor, besides, has great admiration for Mr. Mansfield's abilities, and has always held him in the highest esteem as an artist and a personal acquaintance of some years' standing. It is, therefore, to be regretted that he should have been placed in so false a position by the intemperate action of a hot-headed and impulsive representative. If Mr. Mansfield had written personally to the subject of any supposed grievance to the editor of the *Keynote* instead of allowing his agent to rush into print so many vexatious and needless matters, it would have been a far wiser course. He must have been aware that the matter would have been dealt with honestly and fairly, and if any real cause existed for complaint, it would have been promptly removed. We are also sorry that the editor of the *New York Mirror* should have been misled, as he is a gentleman to whom we can be described as the embodiment of the most correct and fair dealing.

Cincinnati Musical Standard: The majority of music critics have little or no practical knowledge of the art,

and their so-called criticisms do their share of harm to musical art progress. But there is another class of writers on music who also help to retard the progress of the art. We refer to those writers who are always siding their technical criticisms in their writings. One might judge from these writers that music was nothing but a mechanical exercise, and that the composer's chief duty was to make a mass of notes, which, when played, made to life, and life in its highest forms to music. Whenever we read a writer on music who figures these facts in his writings we are inevitably convinced that he is not a musician nor even a lively supporter of the good, the true, and the beautiful in music, and his application to the living of our daily lives. As a musician and writer, he has yet to be born.

"You," said Manager Charles O. White, as he passed a finger and thumb into a pouch of Michigan fine-cut—the brand that has been exported to him by the pound ever since his arrival in New York—"you are right. I never noticed it before. Nor do I believe there's a man, woman or child in the State of Michigan that has ever smoked it. The State must be rechristened. You're right; the rechristening is remarkable." The reporter himself had just fallen upon the discovery. Having taken the manager's chair in the map of Michigan. As the reporter sat facing the map he was suddenly struck with its similarity to an article of hand-kerchief that of recent years has come into almost general use. Place a hand-kerchief upon the left hand, with the fingers and thumb extended, then place the hand upon the wall and an exact contour of the State of Michigan is presented. For several minutes Manager White's smiling eyes remained riveted upon the map of Michigan. "It is interesting to think of the great boys in Detroit. I think Michigan will be somewhat agitated over the discovery. I hope there won't be many companies hatched out in the hand-kerchief State."

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